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## THE LAFAYETTE MEMORIAL

BY DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH

(See opposite page)

THE large bronze relief in Prospect Park, Brooklyn, representing the young Lafayette was ready for unveiling at the time General Joffre was in New York; nothing more fortunate and fitting than his presence and the request that his should be the hand to unveil it! There was a fine sequence in the historical perspective: a monument to the youth who did more than any one to convince the French government that the rebellious colonies were worthy of the sympathy of France!

The relief is designed and modeled by Daniel C. French. He shows Lafayette standing front face, a straight small-sword in his right, with point on the ground, his left hand on his hip with the *chapeau tricorne* under the arm and wearing the uniform of an American Major-General. The horse is held by a negro in military garb, a feather and cockade on his hat, a folded cloak or blanket over one shoulder. He seems to be talking to the horse. On the right is a magnolia tree—or is it a laurel?—while on the ground lies the branch of a pine.

Lafayette with lifted face appears to be gazing on some movement of troops, perhaps those marching to the battle of the Brandywine; he, the horse and the orderly are in complete repose; horse and orderly in the second plane form an animate but immobile background for the young nobleman's figure. The details of this figure have been studied with care, from the tie of the hair and the ruffles that emerge from under the cuff to the buckle on the belt which supports the empty scabbard.

Calmness, resolution and conviction as to the justice of the cause for which he is fighting appear in the face and attitude of Lafayette.

The bronze tablet rests upon and against a structure of Stony Creek granite of Italian Renaissance design. This forms a base and frame and background for it. Upon the front of the base is the following inscription:

### THE MARQUIS DE LAFAYETTE

This statue was erected and presented by

HENRY HARTEAU

a distinguished citizen of Brooklyn, to be an enduring tribute to the memory of one who, as friend and companion of the Immortal Washington, fought to establish in our country those vital principles of Liberty and Human Brotherhood which he afterward labored to establish in his own.

A good spot has been chosen in the park among trees and bushes for the emplacement of this memorial which adds another to the remarkable series of interesting sculptures that adorn Prospect Park. It forms the sculptural welcome to those who enter the Park on the west at Ninth Street. The especially happy setting of granite was designed by Henry Bacon. It has simplicity, dignity and beauty. It encourages us to hope that the day has gone by when inferior and sometimes grotesque statuary can be forced upon our public squares and buildings and parks. It is certainly one of the handsomest monuments French has to his credit.

## SAMUEL COLMAN, N. A., VETERAN PAINTER

(See page 313)

A SURPRISE came to many artists in New York when George Fuller, an Associate of the Academy of Design, suddenly re-appeared on a Varnishing Day in person, as well as by proxy with a fine painting on the wall. Much the same thing happened to Samuel Colman, N. A., when a sale was made of his oils, water-colors and pastels, and, to the surprise of many, the artist himself appeared in person! And yet there was no cause for astonishment. George Fuller had retired to a farm in New England, but had not ceased to paint. Samuel Colman had merely taken up his residence in Newport, which is scarcely an unknown city to New Yorkers. This shows that unless a man keeps running to the housetops and shouting "Here I am!" the wiseacres of the brawling town forget him or class him among the dead.

At the Samuel Colman sale, now well in the past, one had a chance for the first time to estimate this veteran Academician with fairness. The pictures that came to view before in successive Academy shows were too scattered to allow of a proper estimate. But the works brought together for that sale revealed a lover of the broad and impressive in landscape, a painter of the decried Hudson River

school who might fairly claim a place above the majority, a nature with poise.

It may be news to some of our readers that Mr. Colman is again a resident of New York and is still on the active list! There is some reason to believe that certain paintings of very recent date, equal, if they do not surpass, the best of those made in mid-career. Perhaps of these, later: meanwhile, let us look at a really and truly Hudson-Rivory waterscape painted by Mr. Colman during the "late unpleasantness" between the northern and southern States, U. S. A.

At that time Colman lived at Irvington-on-Hudson where he could not fail to be impressed by the effects of cloud, Highlands and gleaming river; by the veils of fog and smoke and by the singular aspect of the long masses of canal and other boats which are slowly propelled along by queerly shaped tugs and show strange and solid against river, hills and sky. This picture followed the usual course. It was shown at the Academy, sold for a modest price, passed through various hands, and became a familiar in the home of the late Park Benjamin on the banks of the Hudson. We have the painter's word for it, that the picture was not

a commission or made to sell, but simply a labor of love and to please himself.

There are in this painting breadth and distinction and the love of nature. Handsome though not rich in color, it is true to facts; and if at the present time one rarely sees any more the tall smoke-stack that forms so vigorous a mark in these shifting curtains of smoke and mist, yet the "big tows" still enchant the children along the Hudson and help to animate the noble estuary-river.

Mr. Colman looks to be a man about sixty summers as you see him walking alert and observant about Central Park. He has, however, a whim of claiming a much greater age—the preposterous claim of eighty-five! And somebody appears to

have helped him to doctor all the books, for the Academy of Design makes him Associate in 1854 and Academician in 1862, and "Who's Who" aids the joke by stating that he was born in Portland, Maine in 1832! So he can cite authorities who bear him out.

He was the first President of the American Water Color Society in 1866 and his paintings may be found in New York at the Metropolitan Museum, Public Library and Union League Club, and in Chicago at the Art Institute. He is a worthy comrade of George Inness, Sanford R. Gifford, Wyant and Thomas Moran—to mention only a few of the Hudson River school past and present.

## MORE BEWILDERMENT IN THE WORLD OF ART

WHEN we calmly survey the condition of life and the mental processes of many men who assume to be leaders of thought in the field of metaphysics, science and æsthetics, we are tempted to say that the Lord is as wroth as he was at the building of the Tower of Babel and, therefore, is again punishing men by bewildering them and reducing them to a state of intellectual disintegration, forcing each one to run about in a different direction like a lot of frightened ants. This wrath of the Lord seems to have been aroused in Him by the aggressive dissatisfaction with the unavoidable monotony of things in this life manifested by certain insolent "leaders of thought" who impertinently insulted the Lord—by ridiculing His way of running the universe.

And so, in order to cure His bumptious critics—some of whom were vicious enough to pray—"Oh Lord help us to invent a new vice!"—He resolved to smite enough of these "leaders of thought" with the disease of "ego-mania," which would lead these selfish egotists to muddle things up so much on this earth that common-sense should finally be forced to come to the rescue and, in self-defense, snuff out these ego-maniacs.

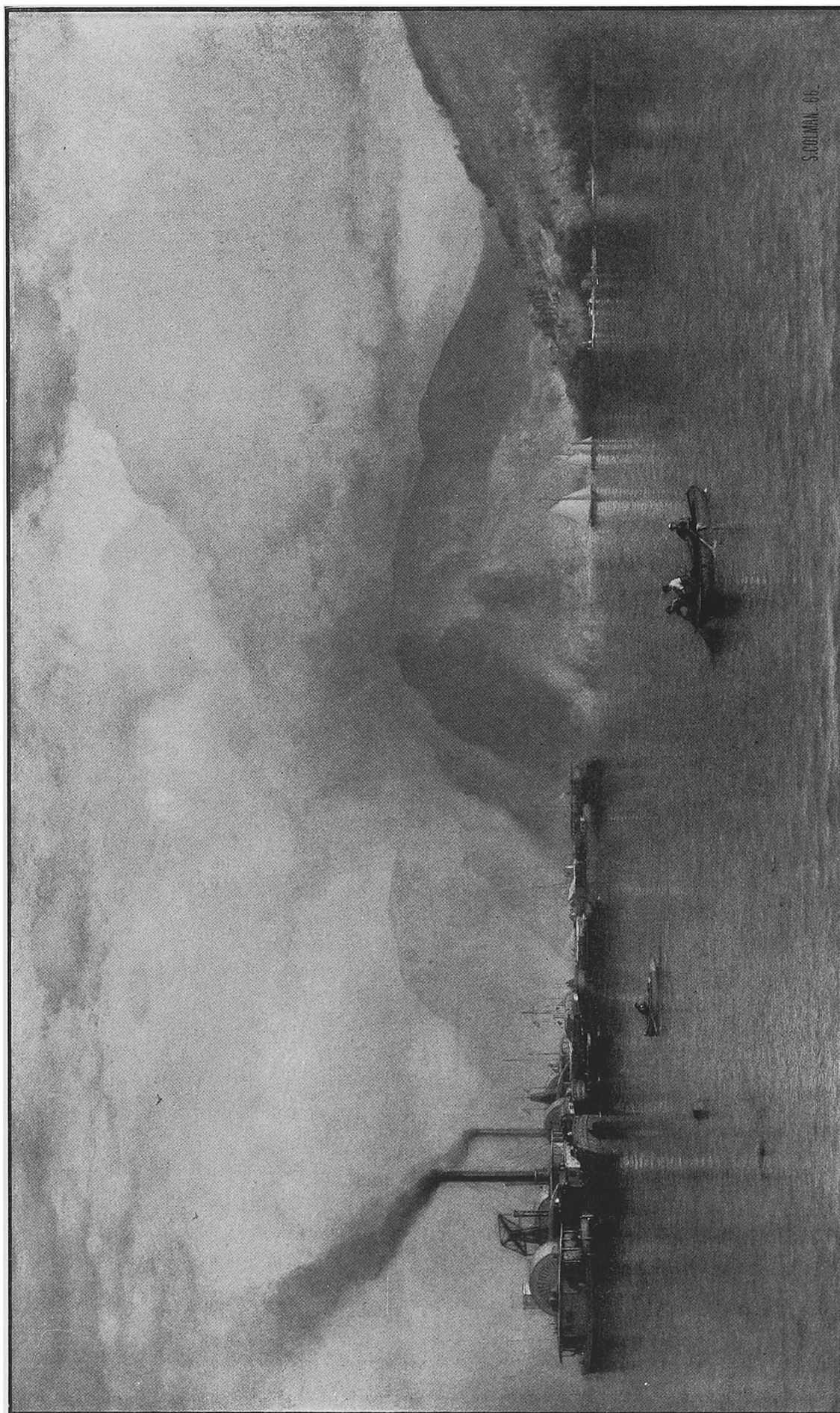
The result is every selfish egotist became a member of the party called the "individualists." This party still teaches that each man should have his pedestal in the summer-sun from which he should perforce spout and say: "Gentlemen, I am here!" And when it was found that there were not enough pedestals to go around, those who had the largest attack of ego-mania resorted to all sorts of charlatan tricks to advertise themselves or their art: this painter painted a licentious picture; that sculptor carved an erotic statue; that dramatist wrote a sex-drama; this novelist wrote an immoral love story; that would-be painter invented a sample of kaleidoscopic "cubism" or lascivious "futurism" all for no other reason than to make themselves singular and talked about—praised or condemned, it did not matter—so long as they were "advertised" and sold their wares. The result is a startling increase of Jeckyl- and Mr. Hyde-ism, of mephistophic degenerates,—physical, intellectual and spiritual—but above all of that most dangerous class of all which is three-fourths sane and one-fourth insane. Our asylums are increasingly filled with this latter class of persons, both male and female.

Such men may arrive as newcomers in New York City and mount on their pedestal and announce their presence and descant in corruscating phrases with a logic that is almost perfect, and convincing enough to almost convert the public to their new-fangled "up-to-date modernism," when suddenly, at the end of their harangue, they will say something that will prove that they are after all really mentally incompetent—their insanity breaking through their apparently sane mental processes, like the moon through a rift in the clouds—like the man who, having complained of being falsely incarcerated in an asylum, reasoned so clearly with the judicial investigating committee that the committee had decided, in form, to vote for his release, when suddenly he kicked the chairman of the committee in the shins and laughed at the commission with a blasphemous scorn. He was not liberated!

When the "New Republic" appeared in New York much was expected from it. It gave much—for a time. But lately, either because it needed the profitable friendship of the degenerate ego-maniacs and charlatans in the world of art, or because its writers on art have joined the ego-maniacs referred to above it now seems to lean towards what it calls "modern" art meaning "modernistic" art—and evidently not knowing the difference.

An article in its issue of May the 5th, entitled "Art and Common-Sense" was so attractive that we were allured to read it. It began well, became better until we felt that here the American forces of common-sense and decency, with a moderate respect at least for sanity and morals, had an ally in their campaign against vulgar ugliness, dementia and sexomania in art, and we began to rejoice. The philosophy and spirit of that article is worthy of a Taine, a Vèron, almost of a Tolstoi in its refined argument against extreme "individualism," excessivism and charlatanism in art. The triumph of common-sense seemed to be advancing rapidly. But suddenly we reached this phrase:

"Most painters have very moderate intelligence, and the inventions that they have latterly made to give an outlet to the ego that to them seemed struggling for utterance have been pathetic in their vacuous futility. It is indeed striking that the only painter of really superior intelligence that I have ever known, that is, Matisse! would have none of this and was content to strive merely for



*Courtesy of Arlington Gallery*

**TOWBOATS IN THE HIGHLANDS, HUDSON RIVER**

BY SAMUEL COLMAN, N. A.

(See page 315)